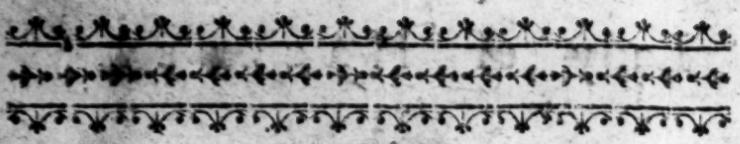



42
THE UNFORTUNATE 11621. 6. 16
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Lady of HACKNEY,
A
GARLAND,
To which is added,
HERO and LEANDER.



MANCHESTER:
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The unhappy Lady of Hackney.


YOU youthful charming ladies fair,
Pray give me your attention,
While you this tragedy shall hear,
The which I now shall mention.

In Hackney liv'd a gentleman,
Who had two comely daughters,
The one was marry'd to an esquire,
Which prov'd to their sad disaster.

The youngest sifter being fair,
And of a comely feature,
Her sifter's husband night and day,
Did tempt this lovely creature.

Telling to her it was no sin
For him to embrace her,
And he would have a special care,
He never would disgrace her.

This loving saint unto his bow
With words he quickly brought her,

He took her from her parents dear,
In floods of tears they sought her.

Where is she gone, her parents cry'd,
My youthful child so tender,
Both day by day, and night by night
Her parents did lament her.

In every news her father he
Then had her advertised,
But no tidings of her could hear,
So secret he did hide her.

At length she big with child did grow,
Alas! and by her brother,
Her lover kept her company,
None knew he was her brother.

In travail strong at length she fell,
Whilst many did lament her,
It was the cry of one and all
That none alive could help her.

In travail strong long time she lay,
So great it was her sorrow,
That she could not delivered be,
Then sending for her brother.

When to the room this wretch he came,
 She with weeping eyes beheld him.
 Thou worst of men, replied she,
 Thou hast wrought my destruction.

Your loving wife, my sister dear,
 She little knows my sorrow,
 My troubled soul shall take it's flight,
 This night before to-morrow.

But before I leave this world said she,
 Or death's cold arms enfold me,
 To write unto my parents dear,
 Who ne'er more will behold me.

O sister dear, forgive the crime,
 And heaven shew some pity,
 Alas ! my pain it is so great,
 I can endure no longer.

See how the pain in every part
 Doth rent my heart in sunder;
 Come death, and with thy fatal dart,
 And ease me of my trouble.

Cease you the baby's life also,
 Whose name will be infamous,

Because the parents were unkind,
In acting things most heinous.

Being deliver'd of her child,
Her life did then expire;
Likewise her pretty baby fair,
That thing she did desire.

In Covent-Garden church indeed,
In private she was buried;
But heaven does bring all things to light,
Those lines she wrote were carried.

When to her friends these lines they came
And they had them unclosed,
Dear friends she cry'd, pray pity me,
Whose case was most distressed.

It was my sister's husband sure,
Whose faults I will not smother.
He overcame me first with wine,
Then us'd me at his pleasure.

He took me from my parents dear,
In grief and woeful trouble,
Confined here in grief I lay,
By this my wretched brother.

At length I big with child did grow
 Alas ! and by my brother,
 Which struggled sorely in the womb,
 And I the unhappy mother.

Her father cry'd, alas ! my dear,
 Would I had known thy sorrow,
 Her mother cry'd, alas ! my child,
 Thy death is our undoing.

Her eldest brother, a hopeful youth,
 His heart he broke in sunder,
 Her parents quite distracted ran,
 Her sister rav'd like thunder.

To think her husband was so vile,
 To seek her sister's ruin,
 She never would come near him more,
 Her death was their undoing.

Her corpse they had taken up again,
 With surgeons for to view her,
 For fear she should have murder'd been,
 By him that did undo her,

Hero and Leander.

LEANDER on a doleful night,
 Beneath a river flood,
 Naked to view his heart's delight,
 He leaps into the flood.
 But the raging seas would not appease,
 No mercy on him shew,
 The heav'ns to assist did rain and pour,
 And stormy winds did blow.
 Behold the mermaid's did arise,
 And to Leander said,
 Behold, Leander, see the skies,
 Which do in tempests rise.
 The youth aloud for succour cry'd,
 To the gods he did complain,
 The canel rocks and raging sands,
 Ye mighty storms of rain.
 What is miserable true love's bliss,
 Alas! you little know,
 Make me a wreck as I come back,
 But spare me as I go.
 But the gods were mute unto his suit,
 And the billows answer'd no,
 The waves did rise up to the skies,
 Whilst he sunk down below,

Diana in her clearest white,
 Did light the lamps that fatal night,
 And that he might the safer swim,
 Thro' lonctome rocks his limbs did
 light.

But single faith proves each man's end,
 Which made fair Hero weep,
 Down from above she 'spys her love,
 Lay drowned in the deep.
 Tears from her eyes did flow full fast,
 To see him floating on the tide,
 Before his time or eager cries,
 To mighty Jove he did decline.
 Ye gods cry'd she, against poor me,
 Why did you all your force exceed,
 Down from the wall she then did fall,
 To meet more quick her dying friend.
 Most eagerly she swims along,
 To kiss his dying lips at last,
 Not fearing any fatal death,
 Altho' the waves like mountains roll'd.
 She wav'd her hand towards the land,
 And said with pity, pray,
 Go tell the world ye billows all,
 In love they liv'd and dy'd.